

Get Real

David Bowie

Oh hideous year we angels have lead
We're dead, we're sick and hanging by thread
Get real
Get real
You can't stop meaningful teenage cries
From deep behind fifty year old eyes
Get real
Get real

I'm scared to touch, too tense to be undone
I walk the streets not expecting morning sun
Against the voice of doom failures fall all over town
I guess I should, I feel I should
Get real
Get real

What's up? What happened when I wasn't around?
Who did what? What went down?
Get real
Get real
Think about myself it happens to me
It happens in the tunnel when I let myself feel
Get real
Get real

I'm scared to touch, too tense to be undone
I walk the streets not expecting morning sun
I feel it all through breakdowns falling all over town
I feel I should, I guess I should
Get real
Get real
Get real
Get real

The dazzle of light, the rape of life
The seed, the curse, the jazz of life
Get real
Get real
Get real
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